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THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY

1208 Oaklawn Av
St. Louis, Mo.



Mountaineer Number

ADAPTING EDUCATION TO THE
NEEDS OF A PEOPLE

TRACHOMA IN THE KENTUCKY
MOUNTAINS

THE GOSPEL OF LABOR
THE "FIRST AID" CLASS

WOMAN'S BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

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HOME MISSION MONTHLY

PUBLISHED BY THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF HOME
MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

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HOME MISSION MONTHLY

No. 2

DECEMBER, 1916

Vol. XXXI

Adapting Education to the Needs of a People

By John Edward Calfee

AN institution of learning might be compared to an electrical power system where electricity is generated in a central station and then delivered in different forms of power by reason of passing through appropriate centers of distribution, so that in the home it lights a room, in the telegraph office it conveys a message, in the street it drives a car. Colleges and normal schools are power factors, in which ideas, ideals, culture, appreciations, desires, sympathies and ambitions are generated; then from this central factory of learning different forms of power may be transmitted to the outer and needy circles of society. Education, like electricity, must at times be transformed from a higher voltage to a lower. Electricity does not lose its power, nor does it deteriorate in the process of transformation, for this is one of the ways by which it becomes an obedient servant to the will of man. Perhaps the most difficult problem of education today is to make it a pulling force for the load of the common man. This process of transformation is what might be called Adapting Education to the Needs of a People.

Shortly after graduating from college, I became associated with a large college that drew many of her students from the mountains. It was part of my contract that I should go into the mountains to solicit students. I had never done this kind of work before, but had the feeling that I was commissioned on a high errand, until I rode into a town fifty miles from a railroad. Here my scholastic ideas received a severe jolt. I had thought of an education as a passport to

good society, position, power or fame. But in this mountain village there lived a banker who had some ideas about education, too. He had never attended college, but was not an uneducated man by any means; he had had his eyes open and had done some thinking. I was invited into his place of business, where he proceeded to give me his philosophy of education. He began by saying that he supposed that schooling was all right, and that everybody should have some, but that he had noticed that the boys and girls who had gone away to college never seemed the same when they came back home. They appeared to be restless and not contented, and usually left for the city or the West. He "allowed" that the city was a good place for a young fellow, and that a young man had a right to go where he could do the best, but that it was mighty hard on the home folks to lose the most ambitious young people and have left only the scrubs. This was his way of saying that education was not adapting itself to the needs of his people, and who could say it better than he did? He was wishing for a kind of education that would make the possessor the architect of his environment. Bad roads and primitive farming remain primitive farming and bad roads until the practical educator makes them into something else. His idea was that education should wrestle with environments and conquer them. At the time of this visit there was only one church building in the county, and only one Sunday school that ran the full year; all others were intermittent, they came and went with the seasons. There was an evidence of need for Christian leadership,

social initiative, educational and economic progress. But where was this to come from if the colleges picked off the most capable to send them elsewhere?

Education that betters the condition of the roads, improves a home, fills the barns, conserves the forest, the soil, the health, the happiness of the people, and builds schools and churches, is the kind of learning that people need and can understand.

It is impossible to build schools and

laundering, butter making, account keeping and practical economy. The building used for this purpose was a poorly constructed, barny old house, without a vestige of convenience or cheer, but by some ingenious ideas and touches of the mopstick and paint-brush, the once dilapidated old building now looks proud and inviting. All the old cellars and garrets of the neighborhood were searched and made to give up their secrets. Forgotten and



churches, and maintain them, where there is prodigal waste of natural resources and human efforts. Skill, thrift and intelligence must be

put into circulation in any community, if it is to prosper. It is for this reason that the Normal and Collegiate Institute has courses in practical mountain agriculture, dairying, fruit growing, carpentry, poultry raising, gardening, plain sewing, dress-making, cooking (both class and institutional), and laundering. There are several new features about our work for the year. The mountain cottage is the most important of our new enterprises. Mrs. Lulu Lancaster, the Domestic Arts teacher, will conduct a model cottage this year for the seniors. The senior class of about forty will be divided into six groups. Each group will live for a period of six weeks in the cottage just as they would in a home. In fact, it is a home; there is nothing of the "make-believe" about it. This will be a course in home decorations, sanitation, home conveniences, cooking and serving meals,

AT LEFT: THE MODEL COTTAGE
AT TOP: RUBBISH THAT SOON DISAPPEARED
AT RIGHT: THE BARE INTERIOR
AT BOTTOM: A RECREATED ROOM

disabled furniture has been given a second chance for service. Discarded stoves have been taken from their hiding places to give warmth to the model home. Mrs. Lancaster's idea is to teach the possibilities in making out of the simplest home one that is comfortable and cozy, and at a nominal cost.

The aim of all classroom work will be to induct the student into the art of learning by actually seeing, hearing, touching and doing, instead of so much memory work. Much of the classroom instruction will be conducted in the fields, in the orchard, and upon the campus. Trees, flowers, fields, horses, cows and orchards cannot come to the school to be studied, so the school will go to them. The whole plan is to deepen the love for nature and country life, to give nature its spiritual interpretation, to put joy into the living of the simple life, and to equip

the student with valuable information that will enable her to become the master of herself and her environment.

The courses in English and History are so organized and taught that they tend to deepen the appreciations and give freedom to the mind and imagination. Power and ease of expression is the aim of this work. Courses in Bible and Christian leadership are such that the graduates go home to organize Sunday schools and be spiritual guides for their home communities.

In a paragraph, our scheme of education is to stress the habits, ideals, appreciations and knowledge, that will serve our students best in combating preventable poverty, disease, crime, vocational and domestic inefficiency, and misspent leisure; or, said in still another way, to enable the student to have health, vocational and domestic efficiency, training for social, economic and religious leadership, and to develop those mental qualities that are most useful in the battles of life in Appalachian America.

Trachoma in the Kentucky Mountains

By Rev. James F. Record, Ph.D.

THROUGH the efforts of the president of Pikeville College, working in conjunction with the secretary of the Kentucky Society for the Prevention of Blindness, arrangements were made for a free trachoma clinic at Pikeville College in July. Announcement of the date of the clinic was made through the county papers and by posters, with the explanation that Dr. John McMullin, Surgeon of the United States Health Service, would be at Pikeville College to treat trachoma, familiarly known among the mountain people as "granulated lids" and "red sore eyes."

Before the first morning of the clinic, patients were at the college waiting for the doctor and nurses. The sufferers kept coming, in some instances whole families together, some of whom were so nearly blind that they had to be led. Sixty-five persons were examined and eight operations performed the first day. In four days, three hundred and forty-eight persons were examined, of whom ninety-seven had trachoma in some form. There were forty-eight operations for trachoma and forty-nine trachoma cases received medical treatment. Out of the whole number examined, only sixty were free from eye trouble in some form, and those were children from homes in Pikeville.

This dangerous, communicable disease is very prevalent in the Appalachian Mountains and particularly in the mountains of Kentucky, and is spreading rapidly. One of the leading ophthalmologists of Kentucky says: "Although I have visited some of the largest and best clinics in Europe and Ameri-

ca, in no plant have I seen such large numbers of cases, such destructive and hopeless conditions in as large a percentage of those afflicted, as I have in the mountains of the eastern part of Kentucky." Old men and women say they remember when a case of sore eyes in the mountains was rare, but it is very common now. Whole families are found with it, as indicated by the accompanying picture of a father and his three daughters who came to the clinic for treatment.

Ophthalmologists believe that trachoma is of long standing among the Appalachian Highlanders and the North American Indians. Among the Indians it is especially prevalent, but there are sections in the Kentucky mountains where the percentage of persons having trachoma is as high as among the Indians of the southwestern states. After a careful survey by the United States Public Health Service made in twenty mountain counties of Kentucky, it is estimated that there are thirty-three thousand cases of trachoma in the thirty-five mountain counties of the state.

Although the highest percentage is found in the mountains, the disease is not confined to that section. A recent examination of the pupils of one of the ward schools in the city of Lexington showed more than 11 per cent with trachoma. An investigation made in the rural and urban schools of Jefferson county, in which Louisville is situated, showed infection among the white children amounting to 2.26 per cent, and among the colored children only .09 per cent. "That is to say, trachoma was twenty-five times



A FAMILY OF TRACHOMA SUFFERERS

more prevalent among the white children than among the negro population." This and other investigations, showing similar results, lead to the belief that negroes are practically immune from the disease.

The germ organism responsible for trachoma has not as yet been found. Bacteria have from time to time been discovered, but there has not been unanimity among bacteriologists in the identification. Some investigators believe it entirely possible that there are several distinct germs which can cause the clinical symptoms of trachoma. The secretion from the eye is the medium that transmits the infection and the usual method of contracting the disease is through the common use of towels and wash-basins, which is almost universal in the rural sections, not only of the mountains but elsewhere. Bed-linen and handkerchiefs are other sources of infection. School children become infected from other infected children in the school and from infected teachers. One case of entropion lids operated upon is that of a man who has had trachoma for thirty years, and who has been teaching in Pike County for twenty-five years of that time. It would be difficult to estimate the number of children who have been infected by him in those years of teaching.

Dr. John McMullin says: "Trachoma is a very old disease, probably as old as the Bible itself. We have knowledge of it extending far back in the early centuries where reference is made to it in the writings of the Greeks and Romans and Egyptians. It was probably carried from the far East along the caravan routes until it penetrated the European countries." However it got into Europe, there is no question as to how it came to us. Our former unrestricted immigration laws gave it an easy ave-

nue of entrance into the United States.

Although trachoma is such an old disease, it has been practically unknown to the laity by name until within the past decade and a half. They have known of "granulated lids" and "red sore eyes," but did not know that these were one and the same disease, and very contagious. In fact, very few, even in the medical profession, realized the seriousness of the disease until comparatively recent years. It was not until 1897 that the disease was classed under the heads "dangerous," "contagious," by the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, thus making mandatory the deportation of aliens afflicted with it. It is a popular belief that in the United States trachoma has not yet become general in its distribution. In regard to this one of the most prominent ophthalmologists in New York says: "I don't believe there is any part of the country where trachoma cannot be found."

Trachoma is curable in its early stages, and if taken in time, can be cured without leaving any visible results. It is also curable, in some instances, in the most advanced stages, but the disfigurement of the eye cannot be removed. One case is on record of a man and his family who were county charges because the man was blind from trachoma. After operation and treatment at one of the trachoma hospitals his sight was restored and he is no longer a county charge.

While the disease is curable in most instances, it is certainly preventable always, if proper precaution is taken against infection, and the simplest rules of sanitation are observed. The great work to be done is a campaign of education to teach the people how to prevent infection. This is being done by visiting nurses who go from house to house and who visit the rural schools, giving illustrated lectures wherever there is opportunity. These workers find hearty cooperation among the church workers and in the church schools of the mountains.

The Federal Government has taken cognizance of the disease and is working through its Public Health Service to eradicate it in the mountains. There are in the mountain counties of Kentucky three trachoma hospitals supported by the Government, and another will be in operation at Pikeville before this article is published. There are four eye specialists and seven trained nurses constantly at work. Besides

the treatment given at the regular hospitals, clinics are held, such as the one at Pikeville College, for a few days at a time, where suitable accommodations can be found for holding them. All of this is absolutely free.

It is estimated that the earning capacity

of the average person afflicted with trachoma is reduced one-half. The economic gain by the elimination of the disease will much more than repay to the Government the cost of eradicating it, to say nothing of the relief from suffering.



TRACHOMA SUFFERERS WAITING FOR EXAMINATION AND TREATMENT
AT PIKEVILLE COLLEGE CLINIC

The Gospel of Labor

HOW A COMMUNITY FAIR HELPED

In all our mountain work industrial and religious training should be carried on together. The people must learn how to use their stored up energy in ways that will help them to live; otherwise, it will find expression in ways that are harmful.

Come with me for a visit to one of the little valleys, far from the railroad, and see how some of this energy is being used. As you look down the narrow strip of land which is all that can be cultivated, and then look at the number of families living on it, you will wonder how they all live.

About eighteen years ago the Board sent two workers into this community. These women worked faithfully, teaching the Bible, holding prayer meetings and other meetings, teaching the women and girls to keep house. By the power of God the community was thus changed from one where moonshine whiskey and lawlessness reigned, to a law-abiding, God-fearing people, kind and hospitable as all mountain people are. Still the people outside did not know much about the difference, and before the people in this community could have any influence

on the county, political or otherwise, they had to show themselves capable of doing things.

Five years ago the community worker, who at that time was also school teacher, planned an Industrial Contest for the boys and girls. The minister and his wife entered heartily into the plan, and on their monthly visits helped in every way possible.

There was only the sum of ten dollars to be divided between the boys and girls as prize money. A meeting of the community was called at the church, the plan was explained, and parents were asked to cooperate in giving their children a chance to show outsiders what our community could do. As we are all kinsfolk we went to work like one big family. Sewing classes were started so that the girls might have an exhibit of needlework. We sent for government bulletins on canning, jelly-making, etc. The women began to teach their daughters how to do things and all summer long they put the teaching into practice. The boys had their own rows of corn, potatoes, and other things to tend, and little pigs to feed.

The work became so interesting that the older folks asked to be allowed to bring an exhibit just to make a larger showing. There were no prizes for them except the blue and red ribbons. The men met at the cottage to plan for the exhibits, the women to plan the "poker dinner," and so we learned to work and play together.

People from the surrounding districts were interested, and on an ideal October day, with the mountains in full glory of autumn beauty, a large crowd gathered at the fair. The judges were chosen from among the visitors from town and some of the best farmers in the country. The people were all on their best behavior "for the honor of our settlement," and the first fair was a success, although we were just learning how to do things.

That year the "dinner money" was used for the school library. The second year there were small prizes offered for the men and women as well as the children. Early in the year the four prize lists were made out and posted so that everybody could decide what to try for. Interest grew, and the second fair was much better than the first.

This autumn we held our fifth fair. The men now prepare the fair-ground by themselves and the women plan and serve the dinner, leaving the community worker free for other work.

The improvement in canning, sewing, etc., and the ingenuity shown by the women in finding ways to make their things look better than those of somebody else is surprising. The women, who have such a shut-in life, have something to think about besides pains

and aches and neighborhood gossip, and some results of the constant practice for the fair are better food, better clothing, and better homes. Contact with people from outside and the knowledge that we have ideas to give them have helped us to gain self-confidence.

Among the men the good-natured rivalry is helpful. This year nine men entered a "Half Acre Corn Contest," and although heavy rains made the season very unfavorable, the half acres have shown enough increase in production to prove that intensive farming will pay.

Because we were ashamed of the stock exhibited at the first fairs, there has been a steady improvement along that line also, and that has called for improved grazing conditions. The Extension Department of the State University sends a man to help judge the men's exhibits and give them pointers and also to discuss methods of farming on the afternoon of the fair day.

Through it all runs the feeling that by showing others what we are able to do, we are honoring God and His Church, because it is through His love and mercy that our community has been changed to what it now is and we give Him the praise for it.

The work has not been done for ourselves alone, but to give our children a better chance. In doing things for them, the parents have become ambitious to do still better, and so they are making great sacrifices to send their children to school, that they may return better able to help the younger ones. It all takes work and prayer, but it has paid many fold in this community.

Within Your Hearts His Cradle Make

The Son of God is born for all
At Bethlehem in cattle-stall;
He lieth in a crib full small,
And wrapt in swaddling clothes withal.

Rejoice to-day for Jesus' sake,
Within your hearts His cradle make;
A shrine wherein the Babe may take
His rest, in slumber or awake.

Beneath Him set His crib, of tree;
Let Hope the little mattress be,
His Pillow, Faith, full fair to see,
With coverlet of Charity.

Sleep, in my soul enshrined rest:
Here find Thy cradle neatly drest:
Forsake me not when sore distrest,
Emmanuel, my Brother blest.

—Old English Carol



Glad Days at Langdon Memorial School

By Anna Belle Stewart

BOOTH smiles and tears were required to express the depth of our joy as the girls returned for the year's work at Langdon. The prospects are so bright; a school filled with the happiest girls I have ever seen—all dressed alike in the school uniform, dark blue percale with a tiny white dot. They are busy girls, too, for the school and home must be kept spotlessly clean, meals must be prepared with care for the fifty hungry members of the family (and we *all* belong to the hungry class), and there are dishes to be washed here, as elsewhere, and laundry work to be done. Lessons, too, are sometimes hard and long. But a thorough mountain girl is not daunted by trifles such as these, and besides our life is not all work. A playground expert from Pennsylvania was with us for two weeks, teaching us games and giving us a live interest in organized play; so our recreation hour, just after the evening meal, is more attractive than ever. Perhaps you would consider us a bit noisy; but it is wholesome fun that has been pent up all through the long day during which we have been on duty.

A monthly "Literary Evening," also relieves the monotony of school life; for each may invite a guest, and not only do we share with our friends a program of real merit in which every student takes part at least once during the term, but there follows a social hour when we play our choicest games. There is seldom a visitor too shy or too stiff to enjoy, "Will you skip with me?" or "Miller Boy."

Canning Club work is growing among our girls. One pupil last year earned her tuition for five months by canning and selling tomatoes, and this year a number have canned apples, blackberries and tomatoes during their summer vacation.

Among the most interesting features of school work are the two Christian Endeavor societies. In the older society progress has been wonderful. Every active member leads in prayer, and speaks in the meetings, and



"CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR EXPERTS" AT LANGDON MEMORIAL SCHOOL, MT. VERNON, KENTUCKY

there are ten girls (also two members of the faculty) who have studied Christian Endeavor history and methods, and have fitted themselves to organize and carry on societies in their own communities. They have passed the required examinations and become "Christian Endeavor Experts." As one result, there are three new societies in the Kentucky mountains. This success, with other activities along the line of practical work, mission study, gifts and real experience in soul winning has given this small society of mountain girls the foremost place, according to a statement made by the field secretary, on the record of Christian Endeavor work in Kentucky.

The Juniors, too, are an interesting little company. Every one of the twenty-five is heard in the sentence prayers and takes her turn in leading the meetings. They also have willing feet that daily run errands for the aged and sick in the community. Sometimes they have gone a mile into the country to hold a meeting with a shut-in. We are constantly thankful for such leaders as have been sent us for this line of our Christian work.

The power of the Holy Spirit among us has been manifest as never before, and His presence we owe in large measure to the earnest and constant petitions of the Christian girls. Over and over these consecrated girls—children in the Christian life—beg for an hour after "retiring bell," when they may have a quiet time to talk to, and pray with, the unsaved. This week eight girls

accepted Christ and publicly professed their faith in Him. We were quite overcome when the last one announced her decision; for she had been remembered in our prayers night after night, as a little group of Christians had gathered to pray by name for

those who were yet out of the fold. "There is joy in the presence of the angels," we are told, but there are those among these young soul-winners who could testify that there is joy *here and now*—the beginning of that glad song that shall ring through all eternity.

Mattie's Sunday School

By Melissa Montgomery, Principal of Laura Sunderland Memorial School.

MATTIE had been at Sunderland two years. At the close of the first term she went home filled with the desire to do something to help the neglected people of her community. Looking about, she decided that she could be of service in the one ebbing Sunday school in the neighborhood, which, like the recurring chills and fever of the place, had its own season—the summer months. She discovered also that although she had had but one year of Bible study, she had something to give of which the people had real need.

In the fall she returned to school eager for new plans, methods and materials; for she had caught a vision of what she might do the next vacation. During that year, Mr. Summerdike came to us with a stirring Sunday school message and the offer to provide Sunday school literature for all who would undertake to organize Sunday schools during the summer. This added new zeal to Mattie's planning. Through letters addressed to leaders at her home, she found that no effort was being made to reorganize the school for the summer; so, ordering her literature, she went home full of new ideas for work.

The number that assembled in the country schoolhouse that first Sunday was not large, but it was a representative company, and all seemed glad to have a leader—so glad, indeed, that not a man could be found to take the superintendency. There was but one thing to be done; so Mattie accepted the office and with it all the responsibility. The devotional exercises and also the Bible class fell to her charge, as no one would undertake any class above the intermediate. Thus, with the assistance of two men as teachers, and provided with quar-

terlies and hymn books, the work was launched—the child of much prayer.

The story of the growth and development of the Sunday school, of the quickening of the spiritual life and the broadening of brotherly charity in the community, is too long to be told here, but we may peep into a house or two, and "putting two and two together," draw some conclusions. In one home a tyrannical husband and father decrees what shall be done by each member of his household; his wife may not go to visit her mother oftener than once a year, though they live within a mile of each other; the children must never go alone to any place except the school. "I'll wait and see what this yer school is like," said he, "before I take any stock in it;" and so he did. But it was not long before the little girls were "carried over," and then it naturally happened that the father himself came; and last week, Mattie, with shining face, brought me the joyous news received in a letter from home that the wife, too, had been at Sunday school! So the Sunday school has proved to be a link connecting the solitary household with the outside world, and we hope with things eternal also.

This is but one interested family among many. An old, old man who came to Sunday school has joined the Baptist church; a young girl has professed faith in Christ; while men have entered the Bible class who formerly knew nothing about Sunday school.

Though Mattie is still consulted by letter about everything, there is a full corps of new officers, elected before her return to school, and they mean to keep up the work during the winter, which will be a proceeding quite unprecedented.

"The secret of successful prayer is expectant faith."



LITTLE NEIGHBORS OF OUR COMMUNITY WORKER AT DOROTHY, W. VA.

The Development of Playtime

By Margaret C. Griffith, Principal of Bell Institute

AS we study childhood, more and more are we impressed with the need of a childlike world for children to live in. We must give them a chance to create their own world of joyous, childish play. School children should have something to think about aside from studies, to afford relief and relaxation.

In mountain rural districts, children early in life begin to bear the family burdens. There is always a baby to tend, there are always wood and water to bring, pigs to feed, the cow to milk, and many other duties for the small boy and girl. Play is often left out entirely. Many children have not really learned how to play before coming to our schools, and it is most interesting to watch their development along this line. Usually, all they seem to need is the chance to see how it is done. When thrown with those

who have learned what playtime means, they are easily drawn into games and play activity. The child learns by trying and by doing, and we must give him opportunity to exercise his instinctive activity. In this period of life, nature is more plastic than it will ever be again—has more possibilities of good and evil; children are most curious, most imitative, most susceptible.

In cities and large rural centers there is a turn of the tide in the affairs of children; much is being accomplished for their development in the way of permanent playgrounds under supervision of persons competent to direct the play. But in our mission schools we must make the best of the means at hand, and it is not a difficult proposition, for the average child has an inherent desire for self-expression. Given the tools, children will build for themselves. Play with dolls,



JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS AT JUNIPER, TENNESSEE, IN THE BIG SWING MADE FOR THEM

PUPILS OF LAURA SUNDERLAND SCHOOL, PICTURING THE LIFE OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN
(SEE PAGE 57)

keeping school, running a store, boy Indians, boy soldiers, boy pirates, all indicate the play spirit and lively imagination of the child. Where money is plentiful for the purchase of every new toy, children do not invent for themselves, and certainly are poorer for lack of the opportunity to exercise their ingenuity. I know a school where the little girls are never happier than when in an outdoor playhouse, peopled with dolls, and furnished with cast-off bits of crockery and other things equally useless elsewhere. Imagination gilds everything, and they spend many happy hours "keeping house."

Real and rich educational development can be had in the great out-of-doors, when the girls and boys count it only play. Recently a class determined to make a collection of North Carolina woods, and in order to become acquainted with the native trees and procure the desired specimens there were many mountain climbs. These excursions developed the desire to camp in the

woods; which afterwards they did, cooking their supper and enjoying it all as only youth can. One bright girl remarked: "And just to think, we can have this kind of a good time away back in the mountains where I live."

We find that ball-playing and croquet are popular recreations and give plenty of outdoor exercise, while daily walks keep the body in sound trim and afford fine opportunity for nature study. Plays and drills furnish much fun during the school year, and the play world outside of school stimulates the child to genuine thinking for himself, which is the all-important matter. The longer we work with children, the more possibilities are seen, and those who have responded to the call to such service should be willing to work unfalteringly, using what there is at hand and bringing gladness into everything, remembering that this gladness grows only out of caring intensely for the all-round development of youth.

A Mountain Missionary Society

By Minnie B. Newcomb

ONE of the most interesting features of the work in my field this past year is our "Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society." Three or four years ago Miss Jackson and I wanted to do something special for our women, to take them out of themselves and help them to forget home cares for a little while. We organized a missionary society, meeting once a month in the different homes, when a home was open to us; if not, we gathered in our home in Jarrolds Valley. Many of the women were shy about coming, and the meetings were very small. We always began with a devotional service, then a few missionary items were introduced, followed by a social hour with light refreshments.

Gradually this society has grown in numbers and interest. During the past year the workers removed from Jarrolds Valley, but the members of the missionary society did not wish to give it up, and when I was transferred to Dorothy, four and a half miles up the river, they insisted that I be the presi-

dent. The train service being in our favor, the result has been that women from Dorothy, Colcord, Jarrolds Valley, Whitesville, Little Marsh, and some of the teachers from the Pattie C. Stockdale school have all met in some home once a month. Even Miss Harris, the worker at Clear Creek, eighteen miles away (ten of these miles ridden on horseback), has come a few times to the meetings.

The social part has been very helpful. Mountaineer women, miners' wives, wives of the coal managers, and mission workers, from different localities and different environments have met together in this society. We have read together "The New America," the study book on Immigration, and have been able to send more money than we had pledged to the presbyterian treasurer. Our women are getting interested in their far away neighbors across the sea and the ones coming to our shores. We are looking forward to another year of work and study.

SAFETY FIRST—DON'T TAKE A CHANCE

of missing a single number of the Home Mission Monthly. If the label on your magazine reads December, 1916, your renewal should be sent at once.

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Where Boys are Taught the Dignity of Work

By Elizabeth B. Williams

TROUBLES PAST

DURING the two years since Asheville Farm School building burned with its well-equipped rooms and books that we had been gathering for years, the work has been up-hill in many ways. While the new buildings were being erected we were obliged to put up with many inconveniences, and now that they are completed, it takes time to bring the necessary furnishings to do good work.

The new dining-room is a joy. The work of the kitchen and laundry has been greatly facilitated by a bread mixer, a baker, a large mangle run by electricity, and a dishwasher. The boys are learning to make fine bread under the direction of Mrs. Craighead, and, as in years past, we hope to send out boys as bakers.

The past summer brought grief anew when the floods came. As I sit on the front porch of my home in plain sight of the campus, I can see through the trees the bottom land beyond, where once were green things growing that brought us in a full harvest, now a barren waste of sand and stone. Those of us who were here at the time will never forget the sight that greeted us that Sunday morning when we looked out upon a world of water. It had been raining for days, which was rather wearing upon our nerves, and the awful downpour of Saturday night was the finishing touch. We began to feel like Noah, and thought we should have to bring the animals into the house; we began with the old hen and chickens, which would soon have been drowned. To see our beautiful bottomland a lake, and know that the terrible rush of water would ruin it,

nearly washed away our courage. Then two miles away at the other end of the farm destruction was going on at the dam for the electric power plant.

But now the dam is repaired, we again have lights, the sun is shining, and the beau-



ONE OF THE NEW DORMITORIES AT THE FARM SCHOOL, N. C.
Sleeping porches, dressing rooms and a living room constitute this attractive new type of building

tiful fall days are here, nowhere quite so beautiful as in the North Carolina mountains. They chase away the gloom, and dark days cannot stay long where there is a school of boys with their fun and their eagerness to learn. They inspire us as teachers to give them our best.

TWO WALDENSIAN BOYS

The opening of school brought to us a new principal of schoolroom work, Louis P. Guigou, one of our former pupils, whom we gladly welcome to this position with his wife and two bright children. I can remember well the day he entered school, a little boy from the Waldensian settlement, and how I watched his growth under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey, the first superintendent and matron, and Miss Haddon the first teacher. He finished Farm School in the class of 1900, having been here five years. He has since graduated from Maryville College and has been teaching several years under our Board in Western schools. He comes from a race which endured much and was nearly exterminated by persecution for the Christian religion. The Waldensians have



MOUNTAIN BOYS FROM JUNIPER, TENN., STARTING FOR FARM SCHOOL AND DORLAND INSTITUTE
(See "First Impressions of a Community worker," page 50)

done wonders in the little settlement, the first in America, in the foothills of our mountains, bringing up the poor land and establishing factories. Mr. Guigou learned to work while in Farm School. He afterward worked his way in great part through college, and he has toiled hard in the schools where he has taught. He comes to Farm School prepared to teach the boys the dignity of labor, the gospel of work.

I must tell you, too, of Mr. Guigou's younger brother, Stephen, who was also in Farm School five years, and who is now teaching French in Princeton University. Of course this means years of study in higher schools to prepare him for this position. We do like to think of one of our boys teaching in Princeton.

WORKING DAYS

These opening days have indeed been busy days. The new boys who came in, as well as the former pupils, were obliged im-

mediately to don overalls and get down to business, helping to cut corn and bring it into the two silos, which are now well filled. Other corn is being husked and potatoes are being dug. Canning, too, is going on, 800 gallons of apples being already in place; to can them is the only way we can keep them here. No sweet potatoes this year, as they are covered with sand three feet deep in places, and tomatoes, beans and corn are under sand and stone; but we are very thankful for all we have left when we think of many poor families along the river who lost all.

The manual training shop is very popular with the boys and they are laying great plans for the pieces of furniture they are to make this year. The shop is not very large, so that the boys must be divided into small classes in order that all can take part.

I saw other boys yesterday saving the life of some trees by filling them with cement, under the direction of a teacher. So they are learning to work along many lines. Should you visit the homes of our boys who are married you would see improvement in many lines upon former ways of living. They plan to make life easier for the women of the house, adding more rooms to the one room for the comfort of all, and so helping to better their homes.

And so we know that you who have given so freely to help our boys will rejoice at the good you hear of them. There is a great work for us to do, God working through us, to bring them to Christ this year.



The Voice of the Christ-Child

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air,

When the song of the angels is sung.
It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight,

That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope which he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed:

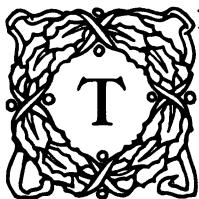
That mankind are the children of God.

—Pbillips Brooks

The "First Aid" Class

AT ASHEVILLE HOME SCHOOL

By Josephine Bundy



HIRTY years ago, when Miss Stephenson was in New York City preparing to assume her duties as principal of the Home Industrial School—now the Asheville Home School—she attended a series of lectures on "First Aid," the class using a text-book similar to the one published by the Red Cross organization today. At the same time she attended a series of lectures given by Dr. Mary Wood Allen on sex hygiene, and instruction in that subject has been given in various ways since the opening of the school; the last four years it has been embodied in the home science course for the eighth grade, taught by Miss Stephenson.

"First Aid" instruction has been given since the beginning by trained teachers, who not only made the necessary practical demonstrations but also gave instruction in the care of infants and the preparation of food for the sick.

During the past year our house physician, Dr. Carl V. Reynolds, who is also the city health officer, and his partner Dr. Cocke, asked permission to instruct the class. They gave a course of lectures—lessons rather—usually in the nature of a quiz with study of charts and demonstrations. The seventeen girls of the eighth grade, with the matrons of Pease House and Home School, formed the class.

When the course was finished, an examination was held, both oral and written, with demonstrations, and the papers were sent to Red Cross headquarters at Washington, D. C., to be graded. These papers were returned with most satisfactory grades and Red Cross certificates followed later. The doctors have asked for the class next year and we hope the arrangement will be a permanent one.

In connection with the home science course, Miss Stephenson used "The Health Master," a book by Samuel Hopkins Adams, and recommended by Dr. Reynolds. This

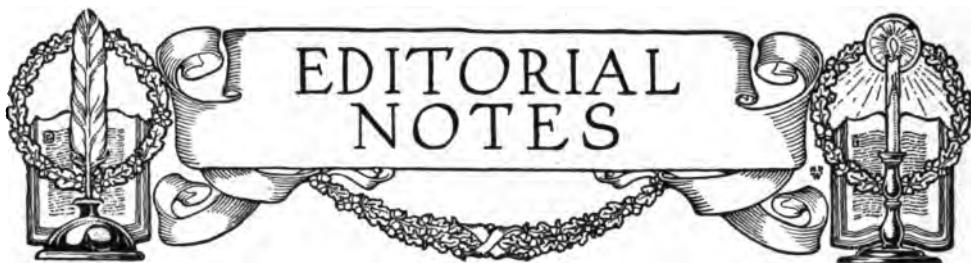
is the story of a physician who enters the service of a wealthy family as "Chinese doctor"—to prevent illness rather than to cure it. He organizes the family, servants included, into committees. What these committees find out about sanitary conditions at home and in the public schools of the city is worked into most readable and most suggestive chapters. The book cannot be too highly recommended for supplementary reading in connection with courses in hygiene.

The "First Aid" class of the Home School summarized the work done under the leadership of the doctors by giving an evening's program to which were invited the friends of the school; among them were a number of professional men. Local coloring was given by singing "The New Dixie," and "It's a hard fight to save the children, But the Old South's right there." These songs were taken from the leaflet issued this spring by the Sociological Congress, as were the "health grams" with which the class responded to roll-call. A bandaging drill to music pleased the good doctors very much.

Then followed the presentation of "The Great Gray Benefactor," a chapter from "The Health Master," which we dramatized. This personage is a quack doctor who itinerates in spectacles and patent medicines. The Health Master undertakes a successful campaign against him and has the medicines analyzed. They are found to be composed mostly of sugar and morphine. The people are thus protected from loss of their money as well as from the damaging effects of the patent medicines.

The play proved so successful that we gave a second performance. The doctors greatly desired that we give it in the City Auditorium, and in nearby country towns, but our "troupe" were too young for so much publicity.

"The Good Gray Doctor" will prove a powerful argument against the patent medicine vendors and the cheap occultists who still victimize the people of many communities throughout our country.



THE development of our work in the mountains of the South during the last decade has been very marked. Beginnings were made through the simply conducted day-schools in the mountain coves and through boarding-schools, differing not much from those of today except as all educational work has advanced in method and increased in scope. The outcome of the early day-schools was far-reaching, but as years passed public school facilities were bettered and the need met by our workers was not so much for primary schooling as for higher ideals in community life. The articles of this month show the lines of community welfare now touched and the latest stages in the development of our work. Canning clubs, corn contests, community fairs, social service work in all forms adapted to the needs of the people, the Gospel applied to daily living—such is the modern work of our Board in the mountains. Articles from our boarding-schools show the increasing adaptation of lessons to the future life of the pupil. The article by Miss Stewart pictures well the preparation for spiritual leadership, while that by Miss Bundy suggests attention to matters of health.

5

THE importance of educating the youth of rural communities for their future work in the country, rather than away from it, is being increasingly realized in educational circles. One very active in pushing this new theory is John E. Calfee, the new president of our Normal and Collegiate Institute at Asheville, N. C., whose coming was announced in the July *HOME MISSION MONTHLY*. Himself once a country boy with aspirations to become a "wealthy farmer," he was influenced by books and teachers away from the line of his inclinations. As the head of an institution where future teachers of the South receive training, he will have great opportunity to develop rural education. While professor of mathematics at Berea College, Kentucky, Mr. Calfee wrote a *Rural Arithmetic*, which is published by Ginn and Com-

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pany. In this book, instead of dealing with matters uninteresting to a country boy or girl, he starts thoughts along lines of advancement in the rural world through problems dealing entirely with rural life. Not only arithmetic is taught, but good farming and good citizenship. There is consideration of money loss in bad roads, waste of machinery, conservation of the soil, practical measurements; there are household and health problems, stock and feed problems, building and business problems. To show the simple, direct method by which practical lessons are taught, we quote the following:

"A kitchen that is poorly arranged requires the mother to take one hundred more steps each day in preparing meals than she would in a well-arranged kitchen. How many unnecessary steps does she take in a year? How many miles is this?"

"A farm wagon with ordinary usage, and kept under shelter when not in use, will last about fifteen years; when not sheltered it will last about half as long. What is the average loss per year on a \$65 wagon that stands out in the open?"

We are favored in being able to present in these pages a timely article by Mr. Calfee.

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"No illiteracy after 1920," is the slogan printed on stationery of the women's clubs of Kentucky. After exposing the facts concerning illiteracy in their state, the women promptly began a campaign to eradicate the disgrace. The wonderful moonlight schools, described in last year's *Mountain* number of the *HOME MISSION MONTHLY*, school improvement leagues and the creation of an illiteracy commission are among the direct means employed to push the campaign; while other powerful agencies, such as boards of trade, railroad companies, and the press are co-operating. Would that every state in the Union were as earnest in eradicating illiteracy, that great hindrance to progress.

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TOWNS and post offices bearing odd names are found in all parts of the United States. The postal guide reveals interesting names of post offices in Kentucky, North Carolina and Tennessee. Some of a few years ago, such as

Hell-for-sartin, Rabbit Hash, Troublesome, Lonesome, Shoulder Blade, no longer appear on the list, but among those remaining are: Little Muddy, Eighty-eight, Bullittsville, Bet, Beartrack, Grab, Rightangle, Pigeon Roost, Boaz, Wax, Eve, Fry, Cash, Tip Top, Venus, Cub Run, Cutshin, O. K., Alone, Cyclone, Side View, Barefoot, Doorway, Dwarf, Viper, Fish Trap, Praise, Skip, Temperance, Chewing, Susie, Pine Knot, Nonesuch, Tarfork, Tobacco, Tomahawk, Tongs, Bachelor, Maiden, Chuckle, Friendship, Harmony, Proximity, Hasty, Sly, Ink, Luck, Riddle, Short Off, A. B. C., Only.



A CLIMPSE of our southern highlanders in the environment of our schools and outside is not permitted to every one, and it is therefore a privilege to share a portion of a letter received by Miss Stephenson, of our Asheville Home School, after a northern visitor had returned to her home. This visitor, as she waited in the station at Asheville, saw for the first time, at close range, a typical mountain family. Of them she says: "There was an air about them—a sort of defiant hopelessness—that impressed me very much. There was a young girl in the party about the age of some of those I had seen at the Home School, and I would have given a good deal to see the expression of her face change to the bright, happy look that is the hall-mark of your girls. My heart ached for her, and I often think of her. I had a wild idea of begging her mother to send her to you—but it would have been easier to address the King of England, or even the Kaiser. The contrast showed me more vividly than any words could have done the splendid work that the Home School is doing."



AMONG the commissioned workers of the Woman's Board it is very interesting to note the number of former pupils in our schools in the South. At Tucson Indian Training School are Alice Nicely and Bertha Landrum from Langdon Memorial School, Minnie Parker from Dorland Institute and Eila Carson from Pattie Stockdale Memorial School. From the Normal and Collegiate Institute, May McCall is now assistant domestic arts instructor in that same institution, Menta Hensley is kitchen matron at Dwight Indian Training School, Oklahoma, Dixie Anders is kitchen matron at Allison-James School, Santa Fe, N. M., and Bertha Carver is working among the Navajo Indians at Ganado, Arizona. William Rose, from

Farm School, is the school farmer at Pattie Stockdale School.



THE interest in prayer meetings at Vardy, Tenn., might well put to shame sleepy churches in the North. Our community worker, Miss Rankin, found that when holding nightly meetings during the Week of Prayer, but two men and the members of the Children's Prayer Band could be called on for prayer. After two or three nights, one man suggested that the Christian men go out by themselves to pray before the next service. As a result six men led in prayer the next evening and a Prayer Band still exists which meets weekly after Sunday school. Ten or twelve men are often present. After praying they felt they should do something to help others and suggested that they hold meetings up on the mountain where fourteen families live in an isolated community. Each Saturday two or three of the men go there with our worker and as a result much has been accomplished spiritually. The men are not alone in their interest in prayer. Each week two afternoon meetings are held in the homes for the women, one in each end of the valley. The members of these two bands are studying women of the Bible and learning to pray aloud. Miss Rankin feels that the Children's Prayer Band, which is the oldest, has perhaps done the most good of all.



FOR thirteen years the office of recording secretary of the Woman's Board has been filled by Mrs. Augustine Sackett, and her gift of personal service, backed by ability and consecration, has been greatly appreciated by all who have watched her quiet, faithful, unostentatious ways and realized how arduous were the duties of her office. With very real regret the Board accepted her resignation tendered in October, recognizing that so heavy a task should be shared as the years pass. As her successor, Miss Jessie Ogg, one of the youngest members of the Board, was elected, and she assumes the duties of recording the long and important business meetings with the very evident desire to serve faithfully and well in this capacity.



PUPILS and faculty at Wasatch Academy, Mt. Pleasant, Utah, are rejoicing over the new dormitory erected for the boys through the generosity of Mrs. Hugh O'Neill. It is her wish that the building be known as the

Charles F. Darlington, Jr., Dormitory, as she is naming it in honor of her young grandson, certainly a most delightful thought on her part. The building is along the latest lines adopted by the Woman's Board, being almost a duplicate of the dormitory erected at Farm School, N. C., which is shown in these pages. There are sleeping porches, dressing rooms, and a living room in a building of simple but very attractive architecture. A total of one hundred boarding students will now be possible in this Utah school, fifty girls in the Finks Memorial Dormitory and fifty boys in the Charles F. Darlington, Jr., Dormitory.



THE appointment of two native Porto Ricans as internes in the Presbyterian Hos-

pital at San Juan, Porto Rico, is a new step and betokens progress that is encouraging. The new appointees are described in a recent letter as "quiet, hard working men who mean business." Both are graduates from universities in the States. Knowing the language, they can at once render service in the clinic without depending upon an interpreter, as would an American interne. This is a great advantage.

The building of the new hospital is advancing rapidly and the missionaries write that it will be finished none too soon for their peace of mind, as the old building could not withstand many more hard blows, and there have been already "two or three hurricane scares and one rather severe storm."

"The Willows" at the Time of the Flood

By Lucy M. Shafer, Principal of Dorland Institute

AS you look at this picture, imagine yourself sitting by the road just on the other side of the fence shown at the bottom. It is about four o'clock Sunday afternoon of July 16, 1916. The sun is shining overhead and there is a delightful summer breeze astir. Back of you the hills are beautifully green and peaceful, and the cattle are grazing here and there in the most contented manner. Before you rushes a torrent of muddy water, so deep that it reaches nearly to the middle of the first floor windows of the dormitory, and should you try to walk toward the building, you would be stopped before you were half way to the driveway leading by the fruit-house to the wagon-house and barn.

You have beside you three Dorland workers. One is the matron at The Willows and the other two are teachers from the girls' dormitory in the village, who hurried over the two miles to the farm when they heard that the water had reached the Home there, and that ferry-boat, well-house and chicken-houses were washing away.

In front of the wagon-shed eight boys (all that are at the farm on this July day) are busy pulling machinery and farm implements nearer the road as the water comes higher and higher. The young man in charge of the farm has been away for several days for a much needed vacation, leaving one of the older boys responsible for the work in his absence. This young fellow is giving directions and warnings in a quiet, effective manner.

But here comes an entire house floating along right between you and the dormitory. It crashes into the fence dividing the orchard and lawn, taking it as it goes, and crash, crash, it goes on among the orchard trees, breaking off limbs and actually overturning whole trees laden with fruit.

Swish! Splash! and a large weeping willow tree back of the dormitory and fully as tall as that building falls into the water and is carried away by the current. Another and another follow until not one of the graceful trees from which the

place takes its name is left standing on the bank of the river.

Here comes another building. This one tears down part of the garden fence, uproots one of the large box bushes in front of the house, demolishes the grape arbor, knocks off a corner of the oil house and then proceeds through the orchard, behaving much like the one that went before it, and as others will do that follow.

Out in the main channel of the river the waves are dashing high. Here and there in front and back of the dormitory may be seen trees, barrels, boxes, farm implements, furniture, whole stacks of lumber as well as buildings being hurried on towards Tennessee.

But what is that creaking sound? It is the large woodshed beginning to give way; one end is gradually sinking. A boy rushes up and exclaims: "Is the woodshed going, too? All of our winter's wood is there, sawed and ready to be split. And the onions are upstairs in it. Yes, and the boys drove some of the hens up there. If the shed goes, I hope they wont holler, I just couldn't stand to hear 'em."

People from a distance who have come to see the high waters begin to retrace their steps, taking with them those in the immediate vicinity who have been made homeless. Suddenly your friends realize it is time for the evening meal and that night is coming on. Here are eight boys without a thread of dry clothing and who have had no dinner. The water was coming up so rapidly at noon that all hands fell to work, putting rugs and furniture upstairs, piling things on tables, getting canned fruit out of the cellar, driving the stock out of danger, and in fact taking care of everything possible. When the boys left the house some had to swim out. They did not think to take with them the large kettle of stewed chicken which was on the kitchen range, but they did take with them the milk pails, milk cans, and the parts to the separator, so that the

cows could be milked, calves and pigs fed and the cream saved. And they also remembered to look well after the matron, who had just hurried away from the house, and who is a real mother in this school home. They took with them a chair for her to sit on and a coat to put around her shoulders should she need it.

And now since you have been an imaginary guest thus far on this eventful day, perhaps you would like to continue your visit, and see what follows; so you are invited to be present at the evening meal and to spend the night with the Willows family. Two boys are sent to the village on horseback for necessary provisions and clothing. Not one item do they forget of the many things they are told to bring.

The barn, wagon-shed and fruit-house are all surrounded, but there is access to the upper floor of the barn by means of the high approach built in front. Here a fire is made, and while the coffee boils a table rescued from the water is brought near and preparations are made for the evening meal. By the time the call to supper is heard, the milking is finished, stock fed, and the boys have put on the dry clothing brought from town.

Preparations for the night follow. The calves begin to long for their sheds, and some of them attempt to reach them by wading out into the water, so they are penned in the upper part of the barn for safety. But where are we to sleep? The boys decide to try the haymow, but the teachers, thinking that there should be some one on guard, have the big farm wagon pulled to the

barn approach and filled with hay, and here they settle for the night.

At about twelve o'clock it begins to rain and the teachers must go inside the barn. There seems to be little available space aside from the tin-lined storeroom where the mill feed is kept. That also has the advantage of being free from mice or rats. While sacks of feed are being placed to form a bed, one of us looking out of the small window and hearing the water dashing against the building, heaves a sigh and says: "Girls, I feel like Mrs. Noah watching for the dove."

Morning comes. The sun is shining. Enough of the woodshed is still standing for forty-two hens to be perched out of reach of the water. The pigs are having a glorious time wading around in the mud and going where they please, for the fences have been washed away. Two of the larger boys wade to the house and bring back a frying pan, bacon, eggs, and a few dishes. When the cows are milked, and feeding done, breakfast is ready. After breakfast devotional exercises are held, as usual. The song is "Count Your Blessings," the twenty-third Psalm is repeated in unison and this is followed by prayer.

It is again 4 P.M. We are once more by the road where we were just twenty-four hours ago. The yard before us is one great sand-bar, two feet deep in places. Shrubbery, grape arbor and fences are gone. Some of the orchard trees have been carried away and others are bent to the ground. Chicken-houses and well-house are missing, and the well is filled with rocks and sand;



"THE WILLOWS," DORLAND INSTITUTE FARM

From left to right: barn, wagonshed, fruit-house, woodshed, dormitory. In center of picture, a glimpse of the French Broad River

in fact, it is difficult to locate it. The river bank looks strangely bare with only here and there a tree standing. A large strip of beautiful corn has been destroyed and an equally large piece of fine hay has been covered with sand. The hog pastures and the products of the garden have been washed away and one-half of the potato crop is under water with no chance for the ground to dry off before the large Irish cobblers have rotted.

With difficulty we make our way to the house. The boys are already shoveling mud out of the dining room, so we will go there. According to the mark on the wall, the water stood on the floor four feet, ten inches deep. Screens are gone, windows broken, part of the furniture is missing, and what remains is overturned and covered with mud. The rear wall has sprung away from the

floor for more than a foot and almost two sides of the foundation of this part of the building have been washed out. Supports must be placed under it at once to keep it from sinking farther. All the first floor rooms are covered with the same ill-smelling, thin, slippery mud. We scarcely know where to begin to get things into living condition again. If only we had clean water! But the nearest supply is a quarter of a mile away.

But we will not ask you to stay while everything is put to rights. That will take time and work which the boys and teachers are glad to supply. But there are some things which only money can replace. Perhaps you would like to help furnish these, and will respond to the appeal of the Woman's Board in our behalf, found in the October number of this magazine.

First Impressions of a Community Worker

By Sara E. Cochrane

"Do you aim to teach in Juniper?" I was asked when I reached our railroad station at Sevierville, Tennessee. "The Presbyterians done teached there a number of years and it was the best school in Sevier County—everybody will tell you so, I reckon." I explained that the County School Board had the privilege of using our school building and that I had come to do other work.

The fifteen-mile ride from Sevierville to Juniper was most interesting. I had expected to travel over rough roads, but not so—we have an excellent "pike" to within a few miles of the mission. Strangers are few in this region, and the fact that my trunk was in the wagon led many of the people to spread the news that "the teacher had done come."

I soon realized that my most important work would be to help our boys and girls make ready to attend school, and if possible to give the children who remained a winter school. The first-

named task is accomplished. Three of our boys entered Tusculum College, one is at Farm School and three are at Dorland Institute, while seven girls returned to Mossop Memorial School, and one boy returned to Maryville. Although fifteen of our young people have thus the privilege of higher training, there are many boys and girls in our mountain community who wish to go to school but cannot, because there isn't room enough; moreover, the county provides for only five months' school.

The people are very anxious to give their children an education; they realize what they themselves have missed. Several have remarked that if they "had only had the chance" that their children are having, they would know how to read and write. Last week I was startled by hearing the man who was repairing our property say to another man: "You just try to take that ere cow!" I went out and found the deputy sheriff about to drive off the man's cow unless he paid his poll-tax. The man explained that he had sent the money months ago by a friend, and proudly exhibited the receipt; but it was found to be for the land tax, not the poll-tax. "Now that's what comes to a feller who can't read," said the man. I made out a check, and after a few words between them which would not look well in print, the officer departed.

Our Sunday school is largely attended and also the weekly prayer meeting. Teachers' training class and Christian Endeavor societies are doing excellent work. Since the present of the large map showing where our stations are located, we have been studying the work of each field in our prayer meetings.

In September we organized a Mothers' Club. In October we had talks on typhoid-fever, care of babies, etc., by a trained nurse who visited at the cottage. Arrangements



A JUNIPER BOY WHO "AIMS TO GO TO FARM SCHOOL"

were made to share these talks with our neighbors in nearby communities.

The Juniper field offers large opportunities and the needs are many; but the greatest need of all is to find places for our boys and girls in our boarding schools. As these young people return after receiving Christian education they will bring new ideas to the community and will raise the standard of our churches and schools back here in the mountains.

"An angel paused in his onward flight
With a seed of love, of truth and light,
And cried, 'Oh, where shall this seed be sown
That it yield most fruit when fully grown?'
The Saviour heard, and He said
as he smiled,
'Plant it for Me in the heart of
a child.'



LISTENING FOR THE FIRST TIME TO A VICTROLA

Training for Thrift and Self-Reliance

By Mary J. Donnelly

A YEAR ago Mossop Memorial School opened with a long list of girls who had been with us for several years. But this autumn there were many new faces. Eight of our former family had been transferred to Dorland Institute, Hot Springs, and two had gone out to earn money that they might prepare for higher work or a trade. The family assembled, however, with the full number, forty. Bright girls and a very busy, willing group we find them.

Heretofore, at the beginning of the term and every eight weeks following, a work list was arranged and to each girl was given her task for a certain length of time. Now certain tasks are given to each grade and the whole grade is held responsible for the completion of the work. In other words, everything moves along in classes. Record is kept of class work not only, but also of each individual in the class. We hope in this way to broaden the spirit of the girls' work, and also to create more interest in it.

Our classes in cooking and sewing have this year a regular teacher, thus each class can have two lessons a week in both branches. Then, too, under the direction of the matron the washing and ironing is done by classes during the first three days of the week. It certainly is surprising how much more rapidly the work progresses.

During the summer months we were blessed with an abundant harvest of garden and field products, so for this winter we have stored away a good supply for the girls' use and for our stock.

The girls spent a very busy summer helping to can vegetables and such fruits as we were able to secure. It is indeed interesting to get one of these girls "wound up" on the subject of canning.

The following account is by one of the girls:
"I am in a boarding school which has a farm

and a man that has charge of the farm. The girls that are here in the summer have to do the canning and prepare for the girls that come back in the winter. It is hard work.

"One evening our farmer gathered two bushels of beans. The next morning we got up early and after the morning work was done we all got to work on the beans. We strung and broke them while our farmer was gathering two bushels of corn. When the beans were fixed, we had to husk and silk the corn. Before we had finished, apples and two tubs of tomatoes were brought in. The tomatoes had to be blanched, peeled, and canned with one teaspoonful of salt. The farmer sealed the cans as fast as we filled them. Then we had to blanch and cut the corn from the cob and put that in the cans ready to be sealed. Then the beans had to be blanched and put in cans ready to be sealed as well as the apples.

"When all the cans were ready they were put in the canner, which holds thirty cans, and boiled a certain length of time each, and after they were cool, we labeled them and put them in the fruit room."

Here is an extract from another girl's writing on the subject of canning:

"One evening our principal informed us that there were two thousand number three cans at the station. That same evening they were brought over to the hall. The next morning we went to work at canning and there was where our summer vacation ended, as we canned almost every day all summer. We had a great deal of canning to do and accordingly had a lot of experience in it."

This work is bringing purpose into the lives of these girls and training them in habits of thrift, industry, and self-reliance.

A Picnic Day at Harlan

By Fern Wilcox

AS usual, the girls were astir very early on the morning of that beautiful autumn day. Soon after five-thirty could be heard the merry chatter of the older pupils who had gone to the kitchen to start the breakfast. Half an hour after the ringing of the six o'clock rising-bell, thirty-five lively girls were ready to greet the principal, Miss Young, with their cheery good mornings, and to join in singing the breakfast prayer as they gathered at the tables.

Between breakfast and school-time there were girls working in all parts of the building; some in the laundry, others sweeping the rooms, still others busy in the kitchen—today the most interesting place of all, as basket-suppers for forty people made extra work as well as extra fun. Two of the little girls were sweeping the front porch and walk; and here let me tell you a secret—we have the reputation of having the cleanest walks in town. You can actually tell where our walks begin and leave off, so clean do these little ladies keep them.

The various tasks were finished before the school bell stopped ringing, and the pupils were in their places, each one eager to choose the opening song. How these girls can sing! Truly our hearts are lifted to God as their clear young voices sound the notes of "God will take care of you," "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

In the schoolroom you would have found the text-books and normal-school methods much the same as those used in Kentucky public schools, but would perhaps have noticed one difference, the eager interest with which the pupils studied. These girls are not here because a compulsory school-law requires attendance. Nearly every girl did heavy manual labor during the summer to earn the few dollars paid toward her expenses this year. When I asked how the money is earned the reply was: "We hoe corn, pick wild berries, peddle garden truck, hire out and pull fodder." In this way they earn their chance to come to boarding-school eight or nine months in the year.

At luncheon you would have enjoyed the delicious light bread, "corn field beans" and strawberry preserves, all prepared by the girls, and would have noticed the skill and taste with which it was served. Girls graduating from our school know all the details of table service as well as general household duties. They are fully prepared to serve in well-appointed households or to make happy homes for themselves.

But now luncheon is over, and all is busy preparation for the promised picnic! Promptly at four o'clock each of us receives a poke (paper bag) containing our sandwiches and fruit. The

big girls will carry our salad, coffee-pot and plates. Teachers and guests may climb the hill empty-handed, for every girl begs to carry our wraps and cameras. We are glad to have our hands free, for Ivy Hill is a real mountain, requiring strenuous climbing.

At last the top is reached and we are glad we have made the effort. The valley stretches far below in a fascinating haze of smoke and mist. We will sit on this great flat rock to talk and dream, while the girls play hide-and-seek or gather firewood and mountain flowers. Our time is all too short, for darkness comes early, and we huddle around the big bonfire to eat from our pokes and reach for the steaming cups of coffee. How the air rings with songs of "Dixie Land," "Old Kentucky Home," and last of all, "The Old Time Religion."

When the fire burns low, each girl with happy, reverent heart repeats a verse of Scripture; we sing "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," and come to the end of a perfect day.

The Fire at Harlan

The happy days at Harlan were brought to an abrupt close on the early morning of October 6th, when the home was entirely destroyed by fire and the school building also badly damaged. Although the fire broke out at 2:30 a.m., the pupils and teachers escaped without injury. The girls did not lose their presence of mind nor make unwise haste, but in accordance with previous training walked quietly out of the building. The people of Harlan were most kind in the emergency and by 4 a.m. every girl and teacher was hospitably housed.

As it was absolutely necessary to discontinue the school session, which had begun most encouragingly, transfer to Dorland Institute was arranged for the girls, and two-thirds of their number took advantage of the opportunity. They are reported as most happy and doing good work. With them went two of their teachers, Miss Davis and Miss Wilcox, to take places among the Dorland faculty. Other members of the Harlan faculty were sent to other schools of the Woman's Board. Miss Spangler went to Landgon Memorial School, Mt. Vernon, Ky., and Miss Crawford to Dwight Indian School, Marble City, Okla. Miss Young, the principal, returned to her own home. While the loss to teachers and pupils and the inconvenience to the work is a matter of deep regret, the buildings were insured and the work carried on by our Board in the State of Kentucky will in no way be ultimately lessened.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTATION CARDS

A Suggestion.—Write to us that you are sending a subscription for the Home Mission Monthly as a gift for a friend, and we will forward to her one of the new, attractive presentation cards with the greetings of the season from you.



CLEAR CREEK, W. VA.

A Board member visiting this community; the home of the community worker; the Presbyterian Chapel

Community Work in the Mountains

SOCIAL SERVICE UNDER OUR BOARD

The men and boys of Rocky Fork, Tenn., responded finely to the aid given by Mr. Balch, our assistant during the past year. A farmers' bi-monthly meeting at the schoolhouse to talk over farm topics was organized. Bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, University of Tennessee and Department at Washington were sent for and discussed. Experiments with corn were carried on so that every man could see the result. They became interested in producing more and better corn, and now seven men have ordered good seed corn of three varieties.

In the spring we had Farmers' Week; that is, the men met every night for a week, discussed in detail the crops about to be planted, and received helps and hints for the summer. The reports from the farmers in the fall showed that they had been benefited and realized it.

On October 14th we gave our first community fair. It was a great joy to see so many respond and with so creditable an exhibit. The men sent fine corn, broom-corn, cane, pop-corn, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, and apples. The women sent quilts, crochet and drawn work, jellies, and apple butter. Our schoolgirls exhibited cakes, cookies, candy, pies, jellies, pickles, canned fruits and vegetables, also collars, handkerchiefs, aprons, tatting and underwear which they had made. We gave small prizes and every one went home happy.

A word about the boys: Mr. Balch held manual training classes for them once a week, and if you could see the things made after a few months' training you would think the work worth while. On Sunday afternoons Mr. Balch brought the boys together for a story or discussion of some interesting subject. Every Sunday he went to a different boy's home until the rounds were made; they all enjoyed it very much.

I cannot express the pleasure that the moving picture machine gives the people. I always wish that those who gave it could witness a public exhibition. People come for miles to see it. The new piano is much enjoyed, too, and last, but not least, the typewriter is a great help. When one of the little boys saw the typewriter he said:

"Is that the thing that Mr. Balch blows and makes all that noise with?" I told him that it was not and proceeded to write his name. He looked on in amazement, then went to the schoolhouse and said: "Miss Moore just pushed down some little things that stuck up and made my name."

I have helped to get twenty-nine young people of our community ready to enter higher schools.

JENNIE MOORE

AMONG MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES

Our Clear Creek, W. Va., work has a central station with cottage and church, where a large company of children and young people gather from week to week. They are bright and earnest, for the most part well-dressed and well-behaved, showing marked contrast to those who have not been long under the influence of our workers. Except for our station this large community would be without regular Christian teaching or services. In addition to religious meetings we have singing classes, sewing school and Bible classes. There are two outstations. The children of these isolated sections are as shy and timid as the creatures of the forest. Strangers never know how bright and resourceful they are and the worker must be on very friendly terms before she sees the real life of her people.

Child life in the mountains has its humorous as well as its pathetic side. The other day three little girls aged five, seven and nine, boasted of killing a huge copperhead snake. "We just had to kill it," they explained, "cause hit has been killin' our chickens. We called Charlie to help but he wouldn't come so we had to kill it." "But," I said, "how could a little girl five years old help in such a dangerous battle?" "Oh," they replied, "she just packed (carried) the stones for us." They are perfectly fearless in their wild, free life.

I came to Clear Creek just a year ago. This station of the Woman's Board had been closed for a time and there seemed to be very little interest in spiritual things. The twelve months have slipped away quickly and quietly, but a great change has taken place. There is growing confidence and interest and I know it is because

"we dwell with the King for His work." It is delightful to watch the developing and unfolding in answer to prayer.

In these days of strife and unrest the mountain fastnesses are more like a safe retreat than the isolated solitudes they seemed a few years ago. Life here is still simple and many of our people are believing God. I thank Him daily for the work, which is no sacrifice, but a joy.

F. ELIZABETH HARRIS

THEIR FAVORITE BOOK

Our Sunday school attendance at Hahatonka, Mo., averages about forty. The children are more interested in the Bible than in any other book, yet they are fond of their school books, too. We have a Junior and an adult Christian Endeavor Society, and all the fathers and mothers we can persuade belong to the adult society. The children are a surprise to all, both in leading their own meeting and in the amount of information they are able to give. The grown people like to come in and see what the children are doing.

M. E. and E. M. CLINGAN

IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS

A few hours by rail from two of the thriving cities of our country—Kansas City and St. Louis—is a farming community, twenty-five miles from the railroad, known as Osage Iron Works. Beautiful for situation, in the heart of the Ozark Mountains, and near the banks of the picturesque Osage River—the physical features are very attractive, and manifest vividly the wonderful handiwork of our Creator.

Camden County is made up largely of woodland and is sparsely settled. As there are only six miles of railroad in the county, and the wagon roads that wind in and out among the hills are steep in many places and very rocky, one travels with difficulty. Owing largely to these conditions, the religious work of the county has been neglected, and in a number of communities the people are without religious advantages. A few years ago the Woman's Board began work in this county, and located a station at Gladstone, where as a result a Presbyterian church now stands—the only one in the county.

Osage Iron Works is fifteen miles distant from Gladstone. At the request of some of its people, work was started here in February, and for the first time the children of the community had the advantage of a real Sunday school. From the beginning the outlook has been encouraging. The people are very appreciative of the efforts put forth in their behalf, and the young people are entering into the Sunday school and Christian Endeavor activities with great earnestness. Twenty-three have taken the Christian Endeavor pledge, promising to strive to lead a Christian life, and we believe they are sincere.

There are only two or three professing Christians in the entire community, yet the majority of the people are interested in making this a better place in which to live, and are anxious to have their children brought up under religious influences.

The tone of the social life has been very low, but through the social aspect of the religious

work the young people are now becoming interested in amusements of a higher type.

Our work has been greatly handicapped because of distances, the majority of homes being separated a number of miles, so that it has been almost impossible to do much visiting. But through the kindness of the Board a horse and buggy are now making it possible to do much more.

The "special days," such as Easter, Children's Day, Rally Day, etc., have meant much to our work, and people came from miles to attend these services.

We rejoice in being co-laborers with God in a field where the religious need is so great, and among people who appreciate so deeply the work we are endeavoring to do among them.

LOUISE BEBB

WHERE MILES ARE LONG

At a bean "stringin'" in Cortland, Ky., not long since, the conversation drifted to "hants" and "spirits" in which nearly all of these people firmly believe, and stories of which parents often tell to frighten their children into obedience. After many a tale of "hants" had been recounted we were glad to hear this testimony from one woman of the group: "There haint been no hants around here since there haint been so much whiskey, and we haint had so much whiskey since the Sunday school work has been agoin' on."

Cortland is on the Laurel Fork of Buffalo Creek. On "t'other fork" of Buffalo, there is a large area where the people have no chance at all for religious training. Twenty Sunday schools each Sabbath could be maintained—if one person could be present at so many. But distance counts here, and one mile of travel up the steep mountains or through the rocky creek beds means more than many miles in a level country where there are real roads.

MARY B. LOUDON

SYCAMORE, TENNESSEE

Interesting indeed is the work of teaching these children in our community who have, not the privilege of attending public school. Some of the girls care for the family while the mother goes to work and can only come on days when she is home. Their faces beam with pleasure when they have managed to read a sentence. A girl of fourteen who has just learned to read is trying to teach her mother as they sit by the firelight after the day's work is over. Their ambition is to be able to write a letter, and read some of the library books.

We try to teach industry in the home and farm, and to encourage our people along this line had a community fair giving the men, women and children each a place to exhibit some farm or garden product, or something they had made. The boys and young men exhibited wood carving, the girls sewing, the women preserves, quilts, jellies and canned goods, the men farm and garden products. Willing hands helped to put everything in place, and it was a time of enjoyment, and also of excitement for many who for the first time saw a fair. We distributed fifty-two first and second prizes, having secured the money by giving a dinner.

JESSIE McNEIL

A MESSAGE

Edith Grier Long, General Secretary

The December *Message* must fly to the printer from among synodical meetings. So from North Dakota's beautiful city of Fargo, and from a gathering rich in suggestions, is sent the description of an organization wheel prepared by Mrs. Johnson, the synodical president, "to show the relations and interdependence of the working forces among the women of the Presbyterian Church."

A careful study of this "wheel" and its "secretarial spoke" from a presbyterial point of view was admirably presented by the Oakes Presbyterial secretary, Mrs. E. M. Warren. It is a privilege with her permission to quote the following extracts for the readers of *THE HOME MISSION MONTHLY*:

"Up to within a few years ago women paid little attention to the mechanism of wheels. Now many understand their importance and make-up and have been personally concerned about punctures and blow-outs.

"The parts of a wheel are the hub, with its roller or ball bearings, the spokes, radiating at regular intervals and at fixed angles to the rim, the rim which is bound by the tire, the tire which is in turn encircled by the pneumatic tire and tube.

"The auxiliaries are likened to the hub, with its ball or roller bearings (the auxiliary members); the presbyterial officers, to the spokes; the synodical officers, to the rim; and the Boards, to the tire.

"The completeness and perfect running of the whole depend upon the efficiency and perfect adjustment of the different parts. As the parts of a mechanical wheel—all dependent on each other—must be fitted accurately together, so in our wheel there must be a full working understanding and realization by each auxiliary member of her part in the work of the whole.

"Especially must the auxiliary officers assume their responsibilities with the proper spirit and thought, for from them come the reports, which measure the advance so eagerly watched for by the Boards.

"The presbyterial secretary should help in the planning of presbyterial programs and see to their printing and proper distribution. In these programs the talent of as many individuals from as many societies as possible should be recognized and used, and the whole presbyterial society given the benefit of their wisdom and experience.

"The presbyterial meeting should be advertised

by attractive announcements in local papers and interest aroused in the meaning and importance of such an occasion.

"Sometimes a personal letter to a member of a society is the means of kindling a flame which may warm the whole society into life.

"Presbyterial meetings are grand rallying places for auxiliaries, and every society should realize the importance of sending as many delegates as possible. The great help which comes from interchange of ideas and methods and the inspiration of meeting and hearing missionary workers whose lives are throbbing with love for God and humanity cannot but arouse a keen feeling of individual responsibility and a desire to help in bearing the standard of Christ to every land and clime.

"The influence upon the entertaining community at such a time cannot be estimated, nor the effect of the messages carried back and the new visions gained by the visiting members. Here, too, is a splendid chance for the secretary, as she comes in contact with representatives of the auxiliaries and learns first-hand of the various local conditions, including problems and needs which she helps them to meet and overcome.

"When the wheel revolves swiftly, the spokes fade out of sight and we see but the hub and the tire. This is significant of the fact that the hub, holding together its little body of balls or rollers, is the beginning and center of the wheel and that around it the rest revolve.

"The tire, to run smoothly, to climb the high places, to go through the low places and to meet the pebbles and even rocks, in the way, must be filled with the proper amount of air pressure. Are we not agreed that what the air is to the tire money is to the Board? Can anything be more practical than to remember this fact and to act accordingly?

"The inner secret of the running wheel, as it smoothly glides over all kinds of rough and stony roads, is the oil, continually lubricating the bearings and making the revolutions possible. May we not liken this to God's Holy Spirit continually flowing in upon all our lives, without which there can be no true service? Only as we use this wonderful gift of His Spirit, so freely given us, are we able to receive more and more, and to attain a larger measure of service. 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' "

In Memoriam

The death, on October 23d, of Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin, widow of the former well-known pastor of the Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C., closed a life long associated with home mission interests. Mrs. Hamlin was president of the Washington Presbyterial Society in its earliest days and her organizing work in that formative period was of value not only to her

own society, but to others for which it served as a model. Though Mrs. Hamlin's death occurred in New York City, where her two sons reside and where her own home has been of recent years, the funeral services were held in Washington, at the Church of the Covenant, with which her memory will always be associated.

Synodical Changes

That Mrs. M. V. Richards has felt it necessary to resign the presidency of Baltimore Synodical Society is deeply regretted. As president for ten years, she has been a most loyal supporter of the policies of the Woman's Board, and has shown her faithfulness in carrying out the details of work in Baltimore Synodical Society. Her vigorous, inspiring leadership has done much to make the synodical society the power that it is. Affectionate greetings and a gift of beautiful roses added grace to the occasion upon which Mrs. Richards, at the close of her active service, was made honorary president by Baltimore Synodical Society.

New England Synodical Society is also bereft of its president, Mrs. Wm. D. McKisseck finding it necessary to give up duties very dear to her in order the more speedily to regain her health after a severe illness of the past year. Mrs. McKisseck has been president of New England Synodical Society since its organization in 1912. Though her service has not extended over a long term of years, she has proved the possession of abilities that well fitted her for the position.

Another efficient leader, Mrs. H. S. Buell, synodical president for Montana since 1912, has felt it necessary to resign. It is the hope and expectation of her constituency, who value her highly, that she will return to active service later.

Baltimore Synodical Society elected as its new president Mrs. Douglas P. Birnie, of Washington, D. C., a former interested member of the Woman's Board. New England elected Mrs. J. McLaren Richardson of Bridgeport, Conn.; Montana elected Mrs. N. H. Burdick, of Helena, Montana. Cordial greeting is extended to these three new members in the circle of synodical presidents.

Suggested Program for January

TOPIC: THE TREASURY

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury."

Motto: "Opportunity is the Measure of Responsibility."

Hymn—What Hast Thou Done for Me?

Prayer—(a) Confession of sin ("in wandering from Thy way; in wasting Thy gifts; in forgetting Thy love") with plea for forgiveness.

(b) Vision, and girding for service.

Scripture Reading—Deut. 8: 1-18; 2 Cor. 9: 6-8

Hymn—Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Map Talk—Entire Home Mission Field.

Scripture Text with application—"It is required of stewards, that a man be found faithful." 2 Cor. 4: 2.

(1) We are debtors to God

(a) For the preservation of life.

(b) For the temporal blessing of the year.

(c) For the blessed assurance, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

2 Tim. 2: 12.

- (2) Rendering an account to God
 - (a) Of our time.
 - (b) Of our talents.
 - (c) Of our wealth.

"Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."
2 Sam. 24: 24.

Paper—Résumé of the Year. Facts and Figures; local, presbyterial, synodical, Home Board.

The Treasury—Is it keeping pace with the prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come"? If not, why not?

Scripture Text read or recited—"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." Prov. 11: 24.

Reading—What Have We Done to-day?

Motto—Recited in concert—"Opportunity Is the Measure of Responsibility."

Prayer

MARGARET VAN DYKE

For the Devotional Hour

The fourth of a series by Mrs. William Nelson
General Theme: That the world may believe, and believing have life in His name.

THE MANIFESTATION OF THE LIFE IN SOCIAL RELATIONS

Matt. 23: 8, 10, I John 3: 16-18, Matt. 25: 31-45.
Christianity is not a faith; it is a life. That life holds within it the power to unify the life of the world.

All the elements of our human order, the family, society, our national and our international relationships, are suffering from the lack of that unifying spirit which Jesus proclaimed as the fundamental principle of His Kingdom.

"One is your Master, even the Christ, and all ye are brethren." "If a man say, 'I love God,' and hateth his brother, he is a liar." "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down his life for us," but the claim which grows out of that love we are slow to admit—"We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Is this the gospel we are proclaiming to the world? How are we introducing God to His world? Is our gospel worthy of the name of Jesus Christ, who perfectly interpreted God to men? Religion is the whole of life and life is the whole of religion. To interpret truly Jesus' gospel of life is to bring religion into all the world of affairs.

We are facing today the evangelization of the social order in all its activities and functions. The individual process is too slow, for while we are reclaiming the individual, the social forces that make for evil are destroying thousands. Then, too, individual Christianity does not always mean social Christianity. Said a man of a great industrial magnate: "He is an angel in his home, but a devil in business." A corporation does not claim to have a soul. It is needful to create a social conscience which will feel sensitive to the rights and needs of all.

The vast development of our modern industry, with its grinding toil and savage greed for

money, its factories and its workshops, its smoke and dirt, its crowded cities with their fetid slums, is not built upon the safe foundation of human brotherhood. America is gaining the whole world and almost losing her own soul. Through this world war we are looking upon the colossal tragedy of our vaunted civilization and men are weighing as never before the results of life interpreted by might, and life interpreted by love. There is a new awakening of the social conscience which is expressing itself in a passionate desire for reconciliation and reunion. This spirit is developing nationally and rapidly fusing internationally in a world desire.

Whence shall spring the leadership for the great and glorious task of rebuilding the world? From the bleeding and desolated nations of Europe, broken and spent, or from America, free, powerful, prosperous and favored?

"There's a task here for a Builder.

The world's to build again.....and we alone Are strong to build it! Now, my country, rise And take the store within thy straining hands. To thee of all the nations and the tribes That e'er have played the game of Destiny Is given the task to shape the world anew!

"Then wake, for dawn is shining on the stone! Fling thy tall spires to Heaven like a song! Come lift the world up to the rising sun, America, thou Builder!"

SALOME D. NELSON

Our Workers in the Southern Mountains

KENTUCKY

Cortland.—Mary B. Loudon.

Harlan.—Cora M. Young, Lauren R. Davis, Carrie W. Spangler, L. Fern Wilcox, Josephine Crawford.

N. B.—Since the fire, some of these workers have been transferred to other schools.

Manchester Mission. Manchester.—Adeline A. Reid. **Traveler's Rest.**—Elizabeth P. Hemphill.

Langdon Memorial School. Mt. Vernon.—Anna Belle Stewart, Virginia Bradley, Pauline Gatchell, Mrs. Ordelle E. Hall, Hannah R. Sprowls, Jessie L. Turner.

Pikeville College. Pikeville.—James F. Record, Alice Johnston.

NORTH CAROLINA

Normal and Collegiate Institute. Asheville.—John E. Caffee, Clara B. Anderson, Alice Carroll, Faye M. Ellis, Emily F. A. Hoag, Josephine L. Huston, Elizabeth Hamilton, Grace Knoche, Grace Hamilton, Mrs. Lulu R. Lancaster, Florence L. Smith, Alice L. Thompson, Florence A. Wemple, Laura B. Wiley, Mary G. Sheak, Henry H. Whiffen, Ernest N. Billard.

Do You Ever Buy Christmas Trash?

Do you ever waste a quarter, or fifty cents, or a dollar at Christmas time, in trifles—even in "Christmas trash"? A sure cure for this habit is the Dollar Plan, organized to take care of slippery quarters and make them tell in good work. This is Children's Year—every year is, in fact—but this year thoughtful Presbyterians are making an effort to put *Over Sea and Land* into the hands of

every Presbyterian child, so that the good suggestion of helping children in our mission fields shall reach our children each month in attractive form. The Dollar Plan will take care of four of those quarters you usually spend for trash, and instead carry *Over Sea and Land*, full of missionary thrill in pictures and print, to four children you know, or your friends know, every month for a year. Get the Dollar Plan started in your society so that every member will try it. "To avoid the Christmas rush," send the orders early to *Over Sea and Land*, Room 1114, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City.



Asheville Home School and Pease House. Asheville. Florence Stephenson, Josephine Bundy, Mabel E. Coder, Martha Irvine, Bessie M. Martin, Elizabeth M. Rich, Carrie A. Rigg, Hazel Carryl, Daisy B. Padgett, Jeanie S. Fuller, Edith C. Thorpe.

Farm School.—Dr. J. P. Roger, Louis P. Guigou, Raynor Garey, E. A. Joslyn, Jennie F. Linn, Mack Morgan, Elizabeth B. Williams, Emily Fleming, Mrs. M. E. Craighead, Maude P. Linney.

Bell Institute. Walnut.—Margaret E. Griffith, Vera P. Foley, Jessie P. Tipton, Lola B. Thompson, Mary E. Wilson.

Laura Sunderland Memorial School. Concord.—Melissa Montgomery, Elizabeth Lord, Anna M. Lyle, Margaret Hutchison, Elizabeth Thayer, Alice M. Bryan.

Dorland Institute. Hot Springs.—Lucy M. Shafer, M. Ida Tipton, Lena E. Dougherty, Emma K. Sledge, Edith A. Houghton, Emily B. Sidebotham, Lena Towne, Emma Shields, Esther Carrell, Ella C. Herron, Jane G. Parker, Lena Van Ness, Lenora J. Horton.

TENNESSEE

Mossop Memorial School. Huntsville.—Mary J. Donnelly, M. Kathrin Graff, Agnes C. Patton, Mabel Schoonmaker, Ivy L. Rady.

Jewett (Grand View P. O.).—Mrs. Julia M. Wilson.

Juniper (Sevierville P. O.).—Sara E. Cochrane.

Ozone.—Anne B. Orbison.

Rocky Fork (Flag Pond P. O.).—Jennie Moore, Viola Held, Hiram Balch.

Sycamore (Sneedville, R. F. D. 3, P. O.).—Jessie McNeill.

Vardy (Sneedville, R. F. D. 1, P. O.).—Mary J. Rankin.

WEST VIRGINIA

Brush Creek (Cabell P. O.).—Anna B. Mienk, Audie Rightsell.

Clear Creek.—F. Elizabeth Harris.

Pattie C. Stockdale Memorial School. (Colcord P. O.)—Eliza N. Robinson, Florence Belle Robinson, Stella M. Steele, Margaret West, Elia Carson.

Dorothy.—Minnie B. Newcomb.

Dry Creek.—George A. Reaugh.

MISSOURI

Hahatonka.—Mary E. Clingan, Edwarda M. Clingan.

Osage Iron Works.—Louise Bebb, Emmie Darby.

One of Our Pictures

(See page 41)

For an evening's entertainment on the American Indian, "Laura Sunderland" girls utilized the back parlor for a stage, arranging it to represent a forest. Fortunately, cedar boughs were plentiful; bean poles and unbleached muslin made a good tepee; a stable lantern covered with red paper and surrounded with sticks strongly suggested a fire. Costumes were evolved from cast-off curtains, wampum belts from old beads, moccasins from bits of cloth, dusky complexions from the cinnamon box. Essays, poetical and prose selections, and real Indian melodies, as well as the ingenuity required to stage the whole affair, made the occasion well worth while.

Notes on Young People's Work

GLIMPSES FROM THE OBSERVATION END

M. Josephine Petrie, Secretary

IT was a warm October day. The inspiring synodical and presbyterial meetings were but a memory as the Woman's Board speaker hastened back for conferences, and the page for the December HOME MISSION MONTHLY, due next day, untouched! She must have worn a worried look for the train man with some folders—one bearing the above-named title—said: "These may interest you." Of course they did. There were pictures, bits of history of the road, geography, statistics, all sorts of attractive subjects and three colors of ink! When one spends hours trying to scheme how leaflets, programs, etc., may attract young people without doubling the printing bills of former years, three colors of ink and fine grades of paper do not escape notice. But what else from "The Observation End?" The "geography" of all travel for "Board people" means local, presbyterial and synodical boundaries. To the writer, "geography" means this fall a sea of women's faces—strong young faces—at the Niagara, Buffalo, Rochester and Genesee presbyterial meetings, and the Baltimore and Boston synodical gatherings. Oh, the limitless possibilities in those great audiences! If only there were space for the "best things" from these meetings, for no two were alike in program nor in form of entertainment.

The name of a station recalls some delightful meeting or the personality of a strong, live "missionary woman." Sometimes it brings to mind the loyal gift of one whom God has especially blessed and whose name is perpetuated in one of the buildings of our Board. But these stations through which we are passing also mean names of faithful, loyal co-workers, the secretaries for young people; and with the thought that "Miss H. lives here" comes the remembrance of oft-repeated questions at these meetings. Here are a few samples:

Where but one children's organization is possible, which should we urge, the Junior C. E. or the Light Bearers? (Depends on the church and leader, but the *Light Bearers Band is for missions.*)

What work is assigned Presbyterian Camp Fire Groups? (Nothing unless by special request from *Guardian.*)

Should we urge this organization in our churches? (It is neither *missionary* nor *Presbyterian*, and cannot take the place of the Light Bearers.)

Should the women help us to secure leaders for the children? (Yes, indeed.)

Do you advise the missionary society or the Westminster Guild as an organization for young women? (Depends,—if the latter, must be willing to live up to the constitution.)

How are we to increase our gifts? (By definite system in giving. Fewer "movies.")

What can be done for the boys? (See August Home Mission Monthly.)

What plays and pageants do you recommend? (See catalogue and leaflet announcements for young people.)

Should we apportion the work to local societies? (Yes.) Are we to have uniform report blanks? (Some day.)

Such questions come from honest, burdened hearts, and the mere fact that some of them are asked makes a slight cloud over the landscape.

Do you ever think of the "Observation End?"

of the mission school? If not, read this "gem from my English class"—so the teacher calls it, and we agree."

"The thing about this school which seems to be the most important is the visitors. That is, in their own estimation. Now this is not true of all the people who come to see us, but applies to a certain class who visit the school that they may say when they go 'back East' that they saw us, in much the same way they say they saw an irrigation ditch or a tarantula. They ask us questions a child could answer, then seem surprised when they receive an intelligent answer. You can almost read their thoughts by their expression. They almost say, 'Why, the thing can talk, and acts like any other human being.'

"But these important objects are seldom seen; while the great majority of people who come out of the wonderful 'God's Country' come to see the school for what it is—a living monument to the Christians who believe that 'faith without works is dead,' and show their faith by what they are doing for us. While we may be mischievous and seem to be ungrateful, yet deep down in our hearts is a heartfelt gratitude toward the people who have made this school possible, and toward our teachers who are endeavoring to teach us customs and a religion far different from what we have known."

From "Observation End" at "156."

But one does not always look backward. There are many cheerful sights ahead. For our young people we see another set of twelve missionary programs for the 1917 monthly missionary meetings of the Christian Endeavor societies. (Price five cents for the twelve. No advance in cost over last year!) We see the Christian Endeavor societies making use of the fine mission study textbooks and supplements. We see Junior and Band leaders with charts, crayons, etc., mapping out work for the boys and girls who are to study "Children of the Lighthouse."

From the "signal tower" we see every Westminster Guild Chapter most enthusiastic over "Old Spain in New America," and the class enrolled so that leaders have the free helps. We see the Circles eager for each chapter of "From Plaza, Patio and Palm."

We see a "switchman" planning variety for the study work. For instance, at the first meeting, dressed dolls represent the people studied. At the next, several girls tell the story of the chapter. Then there is a chart and blackboard meeting. The next program includes tableaux to illustrate the lesson, with curios, pictures, etc., for the review. We see all points of the compass heard from with "pledges met and a ten per cent advance."

We see three synodical secretaries for young people *commissioned as missionaries this fall* by our school department, and gaze eagerly toward those who are to fill these vacancies.



By S. Catherine Rue

"PUBLISH GLAD TIDINGS"

THE days of remembering, seeing and greeting friends come this month. We send greetings to all the friends of our Literature Department. May we ask you all to help us "publish glad tidings" by using our publications that set forth the needs of the many sections of our homeland where the blessings of the Christ Child have not been magnified? If information can reach those who do not seem to realize its importance they may be influenced to help us increase facilities for repeating the Gospel message. Let us do this at the holiday season.

* * * * *
Give a copy of the Prayer Calendar to your friend instead of the little ten-cent card of Christmas greeting which has but momentary value. She will possess a daily reminder of your friendship that may be used throughout the year.

* * * * *
Our topic this month is "Mountaineers of the South." It deals with a charming country, a responsive people, and a worthy work that exhibits results, many fold, for its investment.

* * * * *
"Why do not the Mountaineers emigrate to Oklahoma and elsewhere, as do people of the valleys? Why have four or five generations held to the same simple life?" These and many other questions regarding these neglected people are satisfactorily answered in "The Southern Mountaineers" by Dr. Samuel T. Wilson, President of Maryville College. (Price, cloth only, 60c.) This is the best aid available for the study of our topic this month.

WHY THE TITLE WAS CHANGED

She called at headquarters for literature on the Mountaineers of the South and asked for true stories to hold interest and make an appeal.

STAR STANDARDS STIR SLEEPING SOCIETIES

"Cindy's Chance?" she replied. "Oh yes, I have read and used it often with great success, and 'First and Last' too. They are both splendid. * * * 'Kate and'?" No, I never saw this one before. * * * You say it is fine? And is it true? * * * Why did you not abbreviate the long name of this mountaineer associated with Kate? Or, is this unpronounceable name a contraction? * * * Me-phib-o-sheth? Never heard of him. * * * A Hebrew prince, was he? Jonathan's son? I will take this booklet, 'Kate and Mephibosheth' for I must get acquainted with him myself, and I shall be pleased to know Kate's story and her connection with him. Why do you not change the name of this pamphlet when you reprint it? It would sell better, I think." This is what we have done, and now, the story of "Kate and Mephibosheth" can be had under the title of "The Southern Mountain Lassie and the Lame Prince." It is a beautiful story sold at three cents.

* * * * *

Do you enjoy reading or telling true stories of mountaineer life? If so, you will wish to own our latest issues entitled, "How Vardy Yielded to the Gospel" (price 2c.), a remarkable record of regeneration beautifully told, and "The Most Knowingest Child" (price 3c.) that tells of a tubercular girl of the mountains who possessed a "voracious appetite for every sort of learning."

At this season of the year we would remind our patrons of "The Little Foreigners' Christmas Eve," seven tableaux that make a splendid Christmas entertainment. (Price 5c.)

* * * * *

Is your local secretary for literature working for the Star Plan?

Receipts of Woman's Board for Sept., 1916



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 Letters concerning treasury matters, teachers' salaries, scholarships, etc., should be addressed to Miss Edna Renard Voss, Treasurer.
 Letters concerning speakers and mission study classes should be addressed to Mrs. M. J. Gildersleeve.
 Letters concerning student work should be addressed to Miss Isabel Laughlin.
 Letters concerning Westminster Guilds, young people's societies, Light Bearers, and Little Light Bearers should be addressed to
 Miss M. Josephine Petrie.
 Letters concerning applications for positions in the schools and hospitals of the Woman's Board should be addressed to Mr.
 Marshall C. Allaben, Superintendent of Schools

MEETINGS

On the third Tuesday of each month, except during June, July and August, a public missionary meeting is held from 10.30 to 12, to which local societies are requested to send delegates. When a fifth Tuesday occurs, a prayer service is held from 10.30 to 11.30. Women from all parts of the country are cordially invited to attend these meetings, to visit the office at any time, and, when possible, to unite in the daily fifteen-minute prayer service held at 12.30.
 The regular business meetings of the Board are held at 10.30, Wednesday of each month, from September 15 to June 15.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS

A FULL CATALOGUE OF PUBLICATIONS MAY BE OBTAINED UPON APPLICATION
Send orders to Literature Department, Room 620, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

December Topic—"MOUNTAINEERS OF THE SOUTH"

	Price each	Per 100	
Allanstand Cottage Industries.....	\$0.05	\$4.50	
Ann Eliza Pease.....	.05	.25	
Bell Institute.....	.03	.25	
Betty's Trip to the Mountains.....	.02	.20	
Child Life of the Southern Mountaineers.....	.10	8.50	
Cindy's Chance.....	.02	1.75	
Desert, Mountain and Island (10 or more copies to one address, 8c. each, postage extra).....	.10		
First and Last.....	.01	.75	
How to Use "Desert, Mountain and Island".....	.02	1.50	
How Vardy Yielded to the Gospel.....	.03	2.50	
Little Leaven, A.....	.25		
Lucky Coin of Scrappin' Creek, The.....	.03	2.50	
Most Knowles' Child, The.....	.05		
On the Yon Side of Little Pine.....	.02	1.50	
Sketch of the Laura Sunderland Memorial School.....	.01	.75	
South Today, The, by John M. Moore, paper 40c., cloth.....	.60		
Southern Mountaineers, The, by Dr. S. T. Wilson, cloth.....	.60		
Southern Mountain Lassie and the Lame Prince, The.....	.03	2.50	
Program—Mountaineers.....	.02	.75	
Post Card—"A Bunch of Sweet Pease".....	.01	1.00	
Post Card—Pease Memorial House for Little Girls.....	.01	1.00	

January Topic—"THE TREASURY"

	Price each	Per 100	
Annuity Gift vs. the Bequest.....			
Bible Rules for Giving..... (8c. per dozen).....	\$0.50		
Brown Towel.....	\$0.01	.50	

	Price each	Per 100
Contingent Fund.....	\$0.01	\$1.00
Envelope Pockets..... (20c. per dozen).....		1.50
Envelopes for collecting missionary offerings (Free except postage at parcel post rates).....		
Her Offering.....	.01	.75
Little Argument with Myself.....		
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Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box.....	.01	.75
Pledge Card for members of local societies (individual).....		
Pledge Card for young people's societies (individual).....		
Some Funds Defined.....	.02	1.50
Systematic and Proportionate Giving.....		
Technique of Home Missions for Presbyterian Women.....	.01	.75
Thanksgiving Ann.....	.01	.75
That Lost Five Dollars (poem).....	.01	.75
When the Missionary Offering Talked.....	.02	1.50

Plays and Pageants

Alaska. An Historical Impersonation.....	.10	8.50
Enlightening the Senator.....	.05	
Granny of the Hills.....	.25	
Immigrant Gateway, The.....	.25	
Impersonation of "Cindy's Chance," The.....	.25	20.00
Just Plain Peter.....	.25	
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Pioneers, The.....	.05	
Two Thousand Miles for a Book.....	.25	
Uncle Sam's Foundlings.....	.05	
Vision of the Home Land, A.....	.05	

TOPICS FOR 1916

October—**Mormonism**—Political, Social, Business Aspects. Mormon Aggression. Our Work a Leaven.
November—**Mexicans in the United States**—The Fascination of a Barren Land. The Appeal of Medical

Work. Invasion from Old Mexico.
December—**Mountaineers of the South**—The Development of Playtime. The Gospel of Labor. Evolution of Our Work.

TOPICS FOR 1917

January—**The Treasury**—Measuring the Demand. Standards of Giving. Treasurers' Methods.
February—**Native Americans**—Modern Indian Gatherings. The Government and the Indian. When He Ceases to Be a Problem.
March—**Newest Americans**—The Meaning of Americanism. Woman's Work for the Newcomer.
April—**The Freedmen**—Race Leadership. Self Support. Evangelism.
May—**Porto Rico and Cuba**—Island Neighbors. Our New Hospital in Porto Rico. Advance in Cuba.
June—**Alaska**—Saving a Dying Race. Sheldon Jackson School. An Unfolding Country.

July—**Record of the Year**—Organization. Results on the Field.
August—**Our Young People**—Their Organizations. How Shall We Help Them?
September—**A Forward Look**—Opportunities of the Year. Standards of Excellence. Points of Emphasis.
October—**Mormonism**—Its Methods. Ways of Meeting Them.
November—**Mexicans in the United States**—People of the Plaza. Educational Development. Problems and Progress.
December—**Southern Mountaineers**—Community Betterment. Changing Conditions. Practical Progress.

Chicago and Philadelphia Notices—The Chicago Presbyterian Society for Home Missions holds a meeting on the third Tuesday of the month in "Assembly Hall," Ohio Building, 509 S. Wabash Avenue. The business session is at 2 p. m., followed by devotional service at 2.30. Home Mission Literature may be obtained at headquarters of the Presbyterian Society, third floor of the Ohio Building. Visitors welcomed.

The Home Mission Presbyterian Societies of Philadelphia and Philadelphia North have headquarters in the Witherspoon Building, where literature and information may be obtained by visitors. A public prayer meeting is held on the second Wednesday of each month at 11 a. m.

Form of Bequest of Woman's Board of Home Missions—"I give, devise, and bequeath to the Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, incorporated under and by virtue of an Act of the Legislature of the State of New York, dated April 28, 1915, the sum of..... dollars, to be expended for the work of said corporation."

Over Sea and Land

A MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE WOMEN'S HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY ORGANIZATIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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